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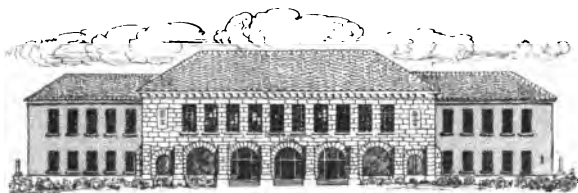


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THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK TWO





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THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK TWO

FIRST YEAR – SECOND HALF

BY

RUBY WREDE BROWNE, M.A..

Teacher, New York City

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and Eugenie M. Wireman



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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Preliminary blackboard reading is not necessary in this grade. The story may be read directly from the printed page. Keep in mind that the aim of the reading lesson is to secure *speed* and *accuracy* in the process of obtaining the thought of the written page, and that *silent reading* is the great means to this end.

In all the stories the *thought* element must precede the correct oral expression. Arouse an intelligent interest in the story before taking up the reading itself. Talk *about* the story and the setting; discuss the characters in the story and let the children discuss the pictures. Correlate your work in nature and ethics with the reading lesson. As each sentence or paragraph is read aloud, make sure that its full meaning is understood. Give to the children as much related information as is practicable.

Unknown Words. The teacher is referred to the "Review Words" following the stories in the reader, wherein are listed, in the order in which they first appear, all the new words, both sight and phonetic, that occur in the reader. A glance through the lists shows the teacher the phonetic elements that must be drilled upon and the sight words that must be taken up each day. The child must learn the *phonetic* words from the phonetic drill which precedes the reading lesson. If he cannot get the

sight words through adroit questioning by the teacher, he must be told what they are. Every word in the new sentence or paragraph must be known to every child before the sentence or paragraph is read aloud.

Particular stress is laid upon the *word drill after* the reading lesson. This does not contradict the statement: *Every word in the new sentence or paragraph must be known to every child before the sentence or paragraph is read aloud.* It refers simply to the drudgery of the reading lesson,—the drill on sight words,—the object of which is to impress the visible form of the unknown word so thoroughly upon the mind of the child that he will recognize the word when he sees it in new surroundings. If fifteen or twenty minutes are spent in trying to teach isolated words before anything is said about the *content* of the reading lesson, the child is tired out; his mind is not in the best condition to take up the reading itself. Let the child's interest be aroused by the story or content at the beginning of the reading period. The *drill* on the new words of the lesson will be more spirited because thought has been associated with these words.

The following method of taking up the reading lesson is suggested for use with this reader:

- I. Phonetic drill upon the new and unknown phonetic words that occur in the story to be read.
- II. Conversation; picture study; discussion of the characters in the story; the setting of the story; a short talk *about* the story,—perhaps no more than the title of the story will suggest.

- III. Recapitulation: "What did we read about yesterday?" when the story is continued from the lesson of the previous day.
- IV. Silent reading of the first paragraph for *words*.
- (a) *Known* words recognized. Review. Word pointing. "Point to 'garden,' 'out,' 'birds.'" Walk down the aisles and see that each child is pointing to the word you ask for. Vary the exercise by saying, "Tell me the third word in the sentence; the sixth; the last."
- (b) *Unknown* words. There has been no blackboard work upon the new *sight* words of the lesson. The preliminary phonetic drill has given the child the new and unknown *phonetic* words. If a child sees a word he does not know, let him stand or raise his hand. Question him about the thought of the sentence; if he can help himself by sounding the letters in the word, let him do so. If he cannot get the word then, tell it to him, or, better still, let the other children tell him. As each new or unknown word is made known, write it upon the blackboard several times, calling upon different children to name the word as you write it.
- V. Phrase study. Write upon the blackboard any phrases there may be in the paragraph. Call upon children to read the phrase from the blackboard and to find the same phrase in their readers.

- VI. Silent reading of the first paragraph for *thought*.
Ask the child to tell you what he has read about in the paragraph. Question him upon the meanings of words. Discuss the allusions in the paragraph. Get as much thought out of the paragraph as possible.
- VII. Oral reading of the first paragraph by the children.
Read the paragraph yourself as an example for the children in correct oral expression, emphasizing particularly negatives, adjectives, adverbs, and all other words demanding emphasis and expression.
In the same manner take up, paragraph by paragraph, the rest of the lesson you have planned for the day, remembering that it is quality and quantity of *thought*, and not quantity of *words* and *pages*, that makes a reading lesson valuable and worth while.
- VIII. Oral reading of the entire lesson for continuity of thought.
- IX. Word drills upon the words asked for during the silent reading, that is, the words you have written upon the blackboard. Perception cards may be made up of words and phrases taken from the reading lesson.
- X. When the children know the story, not by hearing the teacher tell it but by reading it for themselves, let them reproduce and dramatize it.

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THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK TWO

THE WISE LITTLE GOAT

Billy was a little goat. He was very little, but he was very wise.

One day little Billy was high up among the rocks. He was looking for something to eat.

A few blades of grass grew among the rocks. Billy was eating the few blades of grass that he could find.

Mr. Wolf happened to come along the road below. He spied little Billy high up among the rocks.

He wanted to catch Billy; for he knew that little Billy would make a fine dinner for him; but Billy spied Mr. Wolf, and he knew what Mr. Wolf wanted to do.

Billy sprang to the top of a very high rock.

Now Mr. Wolf wanted Billy very much, but he could not climb up to the top of the rock to get him.

He sat down in the road below and tried to think of a way to get the little goat.

"Oh, if I could only climb like a goat, I should soon have him!" thought Mr. Wolf.

So he watched and watched and

watched the little goat high up on the rock, and the more he watched the more he wanted to catch him.

"Hello!" he called at last, "what are you doing up there?"

"I am eating the few blades of grass that I can find," said Billy.

"Grass!" laughed Mr. Wolf. "Do you call that grass? I call it straw, and very poor straw, too.

You don't know what grass is. Come down into this field and you will find what I call grass.

It is long and fresh and green, too! and oh, how sweet it is!

Come down here! You can eat all the fresh, sweet grass you want."

"No, thank you!" said Billy. "I think I'll stay where I am.

You mean that you will eat all you want, if I come down.

There is enough grass up here on the rock for me.

You will have to go hungry to-day, Mr. Wolf."





THE BABY BIRDS

High up among the branches of a tree there was a little nest.

Mother Bird had made the nest high up among the branches so that no one could find it.

There were four white eggs in the nest high up in the tree.

Mother Bird sat upon the four white eggs and kept them warm.

She kept them as warm as she could under her soft feathers.

Sometimes she would fly down to the ground for something to eat.

Sometimes she would fly down to the brook for a drink of water.

She would not stay away from the nest very long.

If the little eggs were cold, she knew that she would have no baby birds.

"Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet!" cried Mother Bird one day.

"Tweet, tweet, tweet!" and from each egg came a little baby bird.

Oh, how happy Mother Bird was!

She flew here and there to get her little birds something to eat.

One day Mother Bird said, "Come, little ones, it is time for you to fly.

Get up on the edge of the nest and try your wings."

"I want to fly, mother," said one little bird. "I want to fly like you."

He hopped up on the edge of the nest as bravely as could be.

"Now put out your wings," said Mother Bird. "Put your wings right out and fly off from the nest."

The little bird put out his wings and then gave a little hop.

All at once he went down, down.

"Move your wings!" cried Mother Bird; "move them up and down!"

Up and down went the little wings, and soon the first little bird could fly almost as well as Mother Bird.



“Who is going to be the next one to fly?” asked Mother Bird.

Two little birds hopped bravely up on the edge of the nest.

“Now do as your brother did,” said Mother Bird. “Put out your wings and fly off from the nest.

Don’t be afraid! You can fly.”

The two little birds put out their wings and then gave a hop.

All at once they were flying down, down, down, just as their brother had done.

"Now move your wings!" Mother Bird cried; "move them up and down!"

Up and down went the little wings, and soon three little birds could fly almost as well as their mother.

The last little bird sat very still, down in the corner of the nest.

"Come!" said Mother Bird; "come, try your wings now!"

"Oh, I am afraid! I am afraid!" cried the last little bird. "I cannot fly! I shall fall! I know I shall

fall if I go up there on the edge of the nest."

"Your three little brothers did not fall," said Mother Bird.

"Come, get up on the edge of the nest! I will have no bird in my nest who cannot or will not fly!"

Up on the edge of the nest the little bird had to go.

"Now put out your wings!" said Mother Bird. "There! off you go!" and she gave the last little bird a push.

"Tweet, tweet!" he cried; "tweet, tweet!" but away he flew, and — the four little birds could fly!

FLUFFY'S MISTAKE

Fluffy was a wee, wee chicken.

She was only five weeks old.

A little chicken five weeks old is very, very little.

Every day Fluffy went out into the garden with Mother Hen.

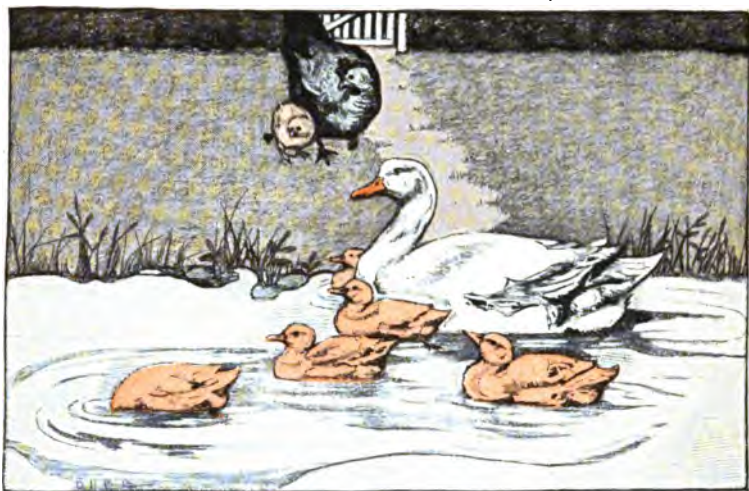
Mother Duck was there, too, with her baby ducklings.

She was teaching her baby ducklings to swim in the stream in the garden.

Oh, what fun it was! How they splashed and dived under the water!

Little Fluffy watched them as they splashed and dived under the water.

"Mother, I want to swim, too!" she



said. "Let me go down to the stream with the ducklings."

"No, no!" said Mother Hen. "You cannot swim. You will drown, and then I shall have no little Fluffy."

"If the ducks can swim, why can't I?" asked Fluffy. "I am just as big as they are and just as old!"

"Your feet were made for walking,"

said wise Mother Hen. "Your feet were not made for swimming.

Now, mind what I tell you. Do not go near the stream."

But Fluffy was a naughty wee, wee chicken.

She did not believe Mother Hen. She did not believe that her little feet were made only for walking.

"I will go down to the stream!" said naughty Fluffy.

"I don't believe what mother said. I will go down to the stream. I know that I can swim!"

Fluffy looked over to see where her mother was. Mother Hen was looking the other way.

"Now is the time for me to splash and dive like the ducks!" thought naughty Fluffy to herself. "Mother is looking the other way and cannot see me."

Fluffy ran down to the stream as fast as she could go.

Mother Duck was still down there, teaching her little ones to swim.

Fluffy stood at the edge of the stream and watched the ducklings.

Then, in she went, splash! splash!

Her little head went under! She didn't have time to scream. She didn't have time to say even "Peep, peep!"

Poor little Fluffy was gone!

TEDDY

Teddy was out in the garden. He saw a flock of birds flying by.

"What a fine dinner a fat little bird would make!" he thought.

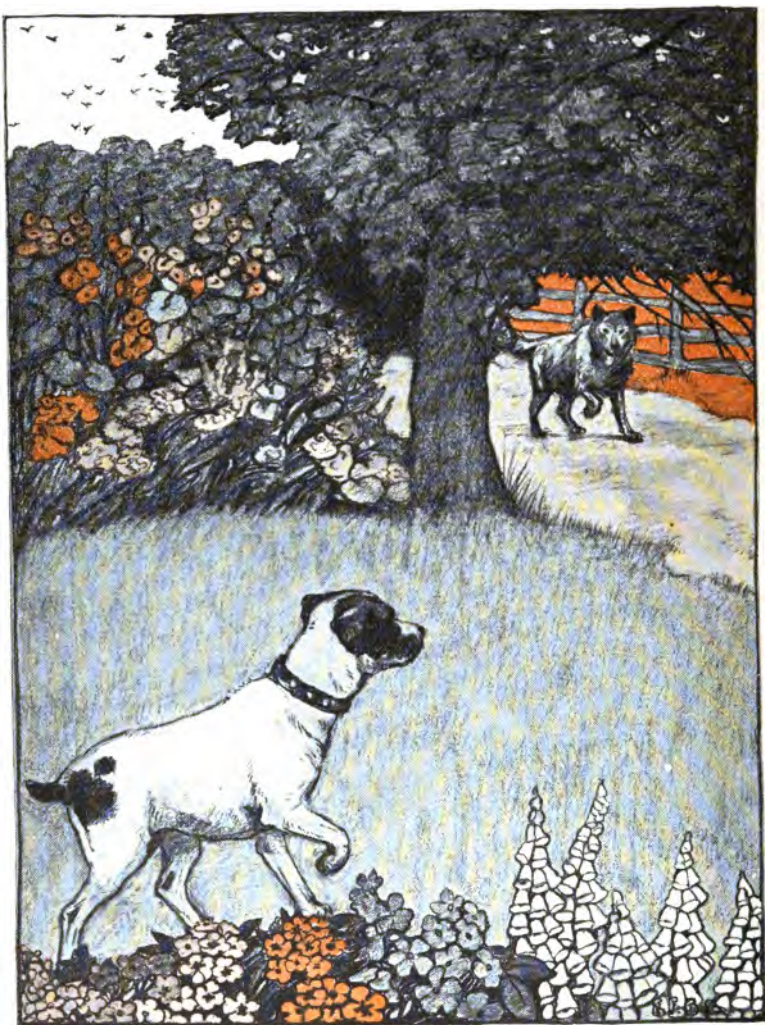
"I'll wait here for a little while. One may fly down to the garden."

Just then Mr. Wolf came along the road.

Mr. Wolf was very hungry. He had had nothing to eat all day.

He had tried to catch little Billy, but Billy had jumped to the top of a high rock.

Mr. Wolf was thinking of Billy as he walked slowly along the road.



He spied little Teddy in the garden!

"Oh, that little dog is just what I want for my dinner!" thought he. "I'll give a run and a jump, and I'll catch him before he can get away!"

But Teddy had seen Mr. Wolf first. He started to run to the barn as fast as he could go.

Mr. Wolf gave a run and a jump after Teddy and caught him!

"Let me go!" cried Teddy. "That is not the way to play, Mr. Wolf. You hurt me!"

"Play!" laughed Mr. Wolf. "This is not play. I mean to eat you!"

"Oh, do not eat me now!" cried Teddy. "I am only a thin little dog.

Wait until next week. I shall be fatter then.

Next week my master is going to shoot some fine fat birds for me.

Come over here then and you will have a good dinner.

I shall be bigger and fatter, and I'll be right here in the barn when you come."

"Yes, you are a thin little dog," said Mr. Wolf. "You are not big enough for a dinner for me. I will wait until next week.

Be sure that you grow big and fat, and be sure that you are right here in the barn when I come!" and Mr. Wolf went away.

The next week, in good time, old Mr. Wolf came back.

Teddy was in the barn, looking out of the barn window.

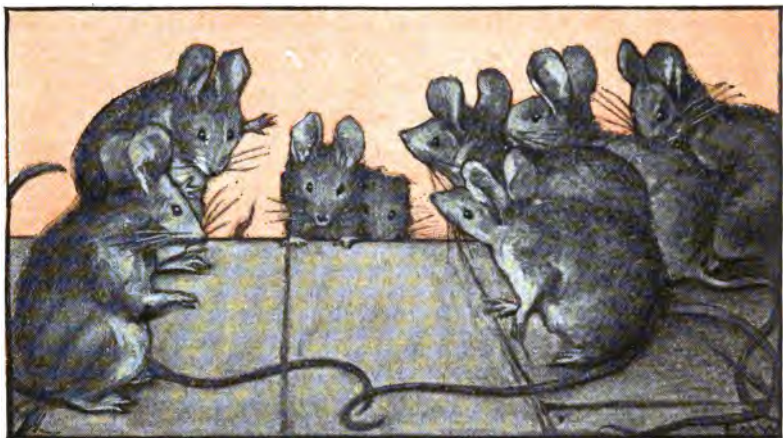
The wolf knocked at the door.

"Come on out!" said he. "You look big and fat. Come on out! I am ready for you. It is just time for my dinner."

"I told you I would be right here in the barn, and I am!" said Teddy.

"I am bigger and fatter, and wiser too. The barn door is locked. I locked it when I saw you coming down the road.

You may have me for dinner if you can get me, Mr. Wolf!"



A BELL FOR THE CAT

A little brown mouse ran to her mother as fast as she could go.

“Oh, mother dear, I am afraid!” she cried. “A big gray cat ran after me. He ran so fast that he almost caught me!”

“We shall see about that big gray cat,” said the mother mouse.

Then she called all the other mice to her home under the floor.

"The time has come for us to talk about the big gray cat," she said. "He ran after my little mouse to-day and almost caught her."

"We must think of a way to get rid of him," said an old mouse.

"Yes," said another mouse, "he has killed too many of us. Soon we shall all be killed and eaten. We must get rid of him!"

All the little mice sat down together and thought and thought.

By and by one little mouse said, "The cat is very quiet. He walks so softly that we do not hear him."

"Then he jumps!" said another mouse. "He jumps as quick as a wink! That is how he catches us."

"You are right!" said the other mice. "Now, if we heard him coming, we could run. We might get away before he could catch us."

"I have thought of something!" cried a little mouse. "It's the very thing that will give us time to get away."

"Oh, tell us! tell us!" cried all the mice at once.

"Let us hang a bell around the cat's neck," said the little mouse. "Then we can hear him coming, and we can get away in time."

"Oh, that is a fine plan!" cried all the mice. "The very thing! Let us go and buy a bell at once!"

"Wait a bit! wait a bit!" said an old mouse. "Not so fast! That is a very good plan so far as it goes. But when you have bought the bell, who will hang it around the cat's neck? Tell me, who will do that?"

The little mice looked at one another.

"I am not tall enough!" said one.

"I am too little!" said his brother.

"And I! and I!" said they all.

So the big gray cat still goes without a bell!



GENTLEMAN TOM

It was a beautiful day in summer.

The sun was shining.

All the trees were green.

All the birds were singing.

It was so warm and beautiful
that every one was happy.

"Tweet, tweet, tweet!" sang a
little sparrow. "Summer is here.

The sun is shining.

All the trees are green.

Oh, I am so happy! Tweet, tweet!" she sang as she flew from tree to tree. "Summer is here."

From a high tree top she flew to the next tree top. On and on she flew until she came to a beautiful garden.

She looked down into the garden. There on the ground lay some crumbs. Down she flew to get the crumbs in the garden.

She did not see Old Tom, the black cat, but Old Tom saw her.

With one spring Old Tom caught her under his sharp claws.

Oh, how the sharp claws hurt the little sparrow!

"You are just in time for my dinner!" cried Old Tom.

"Oh," said the sparrow, "I thought you were a gentleman."

"I am!" cried Old Tom. "I am a gentleman!"

"But," said the little sparrow, "no gentleman eats his dinner until he has washed his face."

"To be sure! That's so!" said Tom. "Why, how could I forget!"

He put up his paw to wash his face, and the sparrow flew away.

DANDELIONS

There are ever so many stars up in the sky.

Mother Moon watches over them.

She likes to have them shine at night and make the earth bright and beautiful.

She likes to have them come out with her at night and shine down upon the earth.

When Father Sun goes around to the other side of the world, Mother Moon calls the stars out to shine down upon the earth.

"Come, little stars," said Mother Moon one night, "it is time for you

to shine down upon the earth and make it bright and beautiful."

Some of the stars were naughty and would not come when Mother Moon called.

"Very well," said Mother Moon, "if you will not come, I shall put some



other good little stars in your place!" and she did.

The naughty little stars felt themselves falling. Down, down they fell, away down to the earth!

They hid themselves in the long grass and cried themselves to sleep. They were sorry now that they had been naughty.

They felt very lonely so far away from Mother Moon.

The next morning Father Sun shone down upon the earth with all his might.

He shone right down upon the grass where the naughty little stars lay sleeping.

The little stars woke up and began to cry again.

Father Sun felt sorry for them and smiled down upon them.

"Stop crying, little stars," said Father Sun. "You cannot come back to the sky and shine, but because you are sorry that you have been naughty, I will let you shine on earth."

So each morning, when Father Sun shines down upon the earth, the little stars open their eyes and shine, too.

All summer long they shine and make the earth bright and beautiful.

All the little children say, "See the pretty yellow dandelions!"

THE LION AND THE FOX

A lion lay on some straw outside his den.

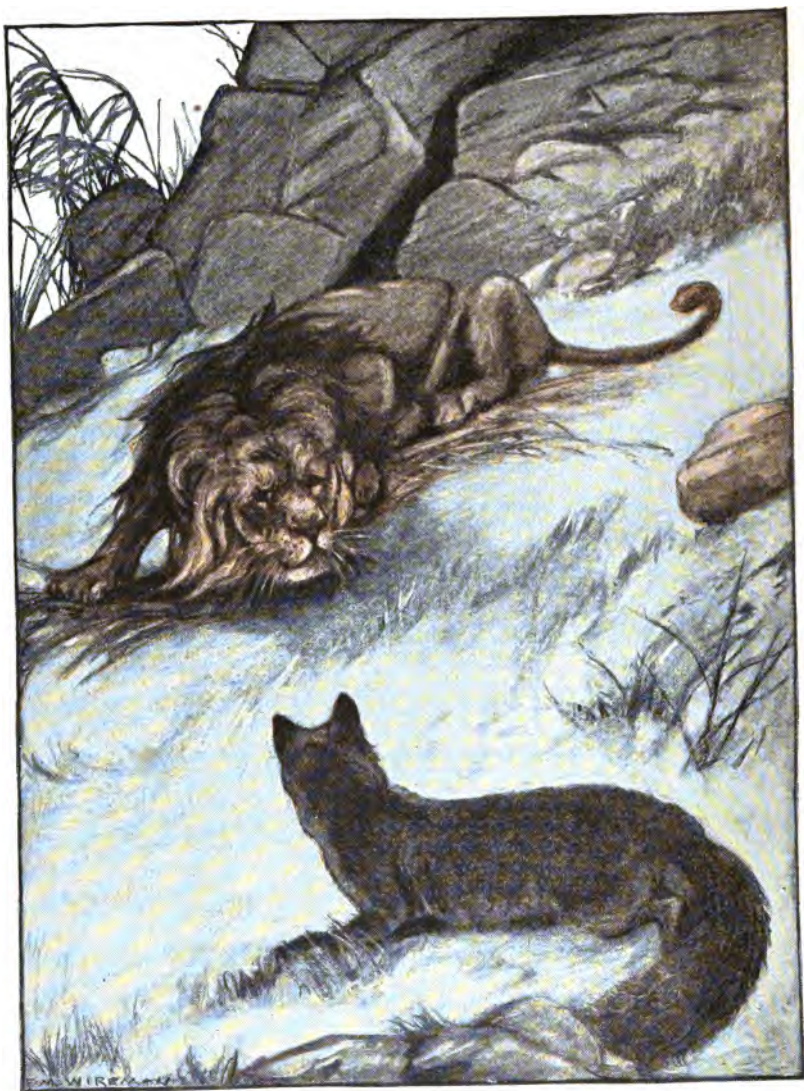
He was very, very old. He was almost too old to hunt for food.

Sometimes a field mouse or a rabbit would come too near the old lion's den.

Then the lion would reach out and catch the little field mouse or the rabbit.

To-day not a mouse nor a rabbit had come near the den, and the old lion was very hungry.

"How good a piece of meat would taste!" he thought. "If I could only think of a way to get some!"



Ah! I know what I can do. I will make believe I am sick."

Then he began to roar and roar. He roared so loudly that the trees shook.

"The old lion is sick," said the goat to the sheep. "I will go and see what is the matter."

The little goat went bravely to the lion's den.

"Good morning, little goat," said the old lion. "You have come just in time."

I am very, very sick. See! I can hardly hold up my head.

But come a little nearer to me. I can hear you better."

The little goat went nearer to the old lion.

The lion reached out and caught him in his strong paws.

One, two, three — and the little goat was gone!

The next day the old lion played the same trick. He roared so loudly that the trees shook.

A little sheep ran quickly to the lion's den.

"What is the matter?" she asked the old lion.

"I am very, very sick," answered he. "But come a little nearer, for I can hardly hear you."

The little sheep went nearer to

the old lion. The lion reached out and caught her in his strong paws, and — the little sheep was gone!

Every day the lion played the same trick. He grew strong and fat.

"I shall never have to hunt for food again," said he. "I have found a better way."

One day a sly old fox came by the lion's den. The lion saw the fox. "I am very sick," he called. "Come over here and see me."

"Oh, no!" said the sly old fox. "I know your wicked trick. The road is thick with footprints going to your den. There are none coming away. You will have to go hungry to-day."



HOW THE FOX WAS KILLED

A sly old fox lived in a little house near a farmyard.

Every day he would go into the farmyard and catch a fat hen or a fine rooster for his dinner.

One day little Brown Hen said to little Gray Rooster, "Come, let us go to the little house and kill the sly old fox. Let us go to-day."

To-morrow he may come for you or me. Let us kill him before he kills us."

"How shall we kill the fox?" asked Gray Rooster.

"It will be time enough to think about that when we reach the fox's house," answered Brown Hen. "Come, let us get ready to go."

So they made a pretty carriage of twigs from the big oak tree. The little carriage had four red wheels.

They asked four white mice to pull the pretty carriage with the four red wheels.

Then they got into the carriage and drove away together.

They had not gone very far when they met a white cat.

"Where are you two going?" asked White Cat.

"We are going to the little house to kill the sly old fox," answered Brown Hen.

"Take me with you," said White Cat. "I may be of help to you."

"With all my heart!" answered Brown Hen, "but you must get up behind. If you sit in front with us, you will fall.

Four of us can ride
Outside and inside;
Little red wheels, roll,
Little white mice, pull
Till we reach the sly old fox's house."

Then the three drove off together, and the carriage was almost full.

They had not gone very far when they came upon a millstone sitting by the roadside.

"Where are you three going in your little carriage with the red wheels?" asked the millstone.

"We are going to the little house to kill the sly old fox," answered Gray Rooster.

"Take me with you," said the millstone. "I may be of help to you."

"With all my heart!" answered Gray Rooster, "if you can find a place on the back seat. If you sit in front with us, you will fall.



Four of us can ride
Outside and inside;
Little red wheels, roll,
Little white mice, pull
Till we reach the sly old fox's house."

The millstone climbed up on the back seat, and the little carriage was full. Then the four drove on to the fox's house.

When they reached the house, the sly old fox was not at home.

Each one made himself just as comfortable as he could.

The white mice pulled the little carriage into the barn. Then they made themselves a little nest in some hay and were very comfortable.

Gray Rooster and Brown Hen flew up on the branch of a tree.

White Cat went into the house and sat down by the fireplace.

The millstone climbed up over the front door.

By and by the sly old fox came home. In his mouth he carried a pretty hen that he had just killed.

He put the little hen down by the door and went to the fire to strike a light.

White Cat sprang up as quick as a wink and scratched the sly old fox's face.

The fox rushed out of the house with White Cat after him.

Down from the tree flew Brown Hen and Gray Rooster. They flew at the old fox and scratched and pecked his face.

The fox ran back to the house.

Just as he reached the door, down fell the millstone upon his head, and — the sly old fox was killed.

THE OWL AND THE GRASSHOPPER

Up in a hollow tree sat a big white owl. He was taking his daytime nap.

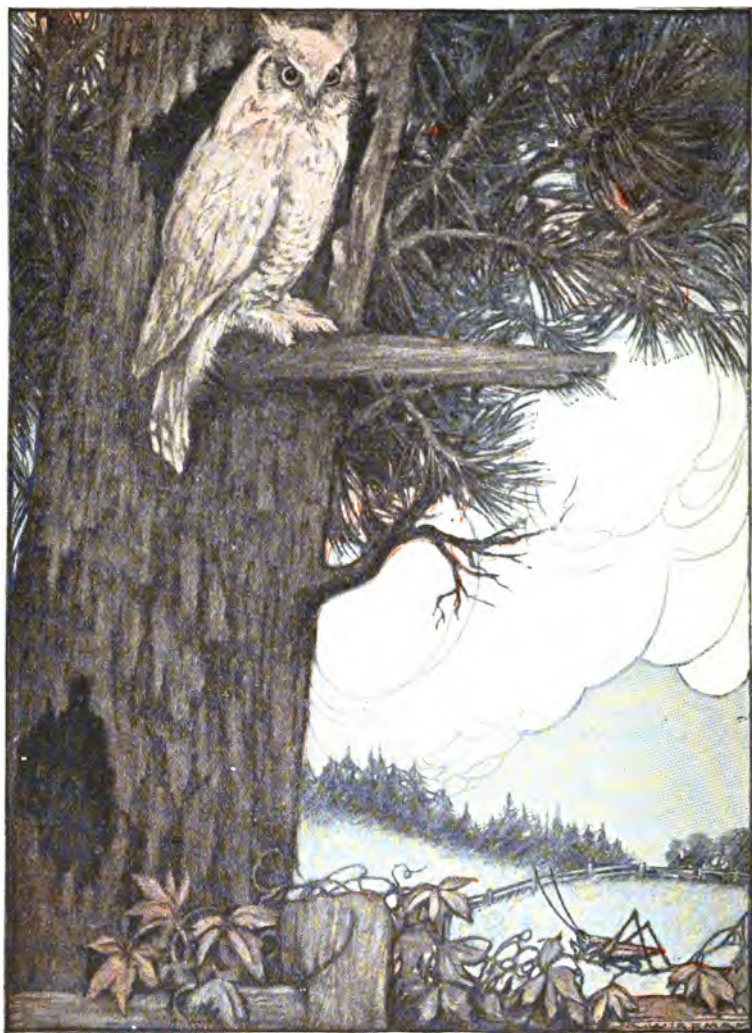
All night long he had been out hunting for the bugs and mice that eat the farmers' corn.

He had hunted all night long and had killed many bugs and mice.

Now it was time for his nap, and he was very tired and sleepy.

At the foot of the owl's tree sat a little mite of a grasshopper.

The sun was shining. The little grasshopper was happy to be alive in the warm sunshine.



He was chirping and singing with all his gay heart.

"Be quiet!" said the big white owl. "I am taking my daytime nap. Be quiet, or else go away!"

"I shall sing as much as I please, and I shall stay right here!" said the grasshopper. "If you want to sleep, I want to sing!" and he went on chirping and singing.

The owl shut his eyes and tried to sleep, but he could not.

"Oh, how I should like to make one bite of that noisy grasshopper!" he thought.

In a few minutes he opened his big round eyes.

"I have been listening to your song, little grasshopper," said the big white owl from the hollow tree.

"I don't blame you for wanting to sing. You have a beautiful voice. Sing away! but first come up here and let me give you some of the sap from this tree. It is as sweet as honey."

This pleased the little grasshopper very much.

He gave one jump and landed in the tree where the white owl sat.

The big white owl caught him in his sharp claws.

The owl opened his mouth, and — snap! snap! the poor little mite of a grasshopper was gone!

THE NAUGHTY CLOUDS

"I am so thirsty!" cried a yellow buttercup. "I haven't had a drink of water for days and days!"

"I am thirsty, too!" said a little white daisy. "I am so thirsty that I can hardly hold up my head."

"Oh, my roots are so dry!" said an apple tree. "They haven't had a drink of water for days and days! Now my apples will not swell and grow. O dear!"

"If I do not get a drink very soon," cried a little bush, "I shall have no sweet red berries for the children this summer!"

"And I shall burn up!" cried the grass. "I shall burn up, and then Brown Bess will have no fresh green grass to eat!"

Father Sun looked down from the sky upon the thirsty earth.

"Where are all the rain clouds?" asked Father Sun.

Away over in the corner of the sky there were two little clouds.

"Come! come!" said Father Sun, "why don't you give the thirsty earth a drink?"

Just then the wind came blowing up to the two little clouds.

"Yes," said the wind, "why don't you send some water down to the



thirsty earth? The poor little flowers can hardly hold up their heads.

Everything will die if you do not hurry and send some water down to the earth.”

“We are not ready,” said the two little clouds. “We will not send any water down to the earth until we are ready!”

"Then I'll make you ready!" cried the wind, and he blew and blew and blew, until he blew the two little clouds up to the top of the sky.

"What's all this noise and blowing about?" cried Old Man Thunder.

"The earth is very thirsty," said the wind. "The flowers can hardly hold up their heads. Everything will die if the clouds do not send a drink down to the thirsty earth."

"Well, what is the matter?" asked Old Man Thunder. "Why don't the clouds send down some water?"

"Oh," said the wind, "they say they will not send any water down to the earth until they are ready."

"Oh, then we'll make them ready!" cried Old Man Thunder. "We'll make them ready! Now blow just as hard as you can!"

The wind blew and blew and blew, until he blew the two naughty little clouds together.

Then, sss-s-s! sss-s-s! and a flame of fire ran between the little clouds, while Old Man Thunder shouted across the sky, "Naughty children!"

The little clouds began to cry, and down fell the drops upon the thirsty earth!

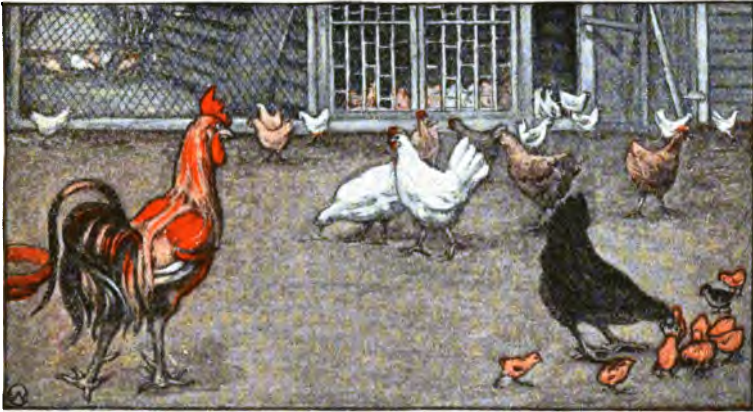
The little clouds cried and cried, but the daisies and buttercups put up their heads.

"Oh, here comes a drink!" cried the apple tree. "Now my apples will swell and grow!" and the roots of the apple tree drew up the water.

"And I shall be fresh and green again!" said the grass. "Brown Bess will have green grass to eat!"

"I shall have sweet red berries for the little children!" said the bush, and everybody but the two little clouds was happy.





THE EARLY BIRD

Farmer Brown had a barnyard full of chickens.

Each morning early, before the sun was up, Mr. Rooster would crow loudly and wake up all the other chickens of the barnyard.

"Cock-a-doodle-do! It's time to get up! It's time to get up! Cock-a-doodle-do-o!" he would say.

Then, one by one, the chickens would hop down from their perch in the chicken house and run out into the barnyard.

Such a scratching and clucking they made as they hunted about for their breakfast!

One morning little Brown Hen woke up before Mr. Rooster.

She looked quietly about her. All the other chickens were asleep.

Quietly she hopped down from the perch and out into the barnyard.

"Now," thought she, "I shall get all the worms for myself!"

She did not see little White Hen hopping quietly after her.

Scratch, scratch, scratch with her feet went little Brown Hen.

Not a thing could she find!

Just then Mr. Johnny-worm poked his head up out of the ground to see if it was day.

Brown Hen and White Hen saw Johnny at the same time.

Down went Brown Hen's head!

Down went White Hen's head!

Brown Hen pulled and White Hen pulled. Between them they pulled Johnny-worm quite out of his warm bed in the ground.

Then the quarrel began.

Brown Hen pulled one way and White Hen pulled the other.



"He is mine!" cried Brown Hen.

"I came out early just to get him.
He is mine! I saw him first!"

"No, you did not! I saw him
before you did!" cried White Hen,
"and I am going to have him!"

Poor Johnny-worm! They pulled

him this way and that, and he could not do a thing to help himself.

They clucked and they scratched and they made such a noise that they woke up old Red Hen.

Down she hopped from the perch and ran out into the barnyard.

"What's all this noise about?" cried she. "What are you two children quarreling about?"

Ah! I see. A nice, fat worm! Give him to me!" cried Red Hen.

"Now, because you two naughty children have quarreled, I shall eat the worm myself!" and — one, two, three; Johnny-worm was gone!



THE THREE BEARS

Far off in the middle of the deep woods stood a tiny house.

Three bears lived together in this tiny house. One of them was a Great, Huge Bear, one was a Middle-sized Bear, and one was a Little Baby Bear.

Their tiny house was a very pretty

one. It had a pretty green garden all around it.

It was just as pretty inside too. The three bears had each a bed to sleep in. There was a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear, a middle-sized bed for the Middle-sized Bear, and a little bed for the Little Baby Bear.



They had each a chair to sit in. There was a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear, a middle-sized chair for the Middle-sized Bear, and a little chair for the Little Baby Bear.

They had each a dish for their porridge. There was a great dish for the Great, Huge Bear, a middle-sized dish for the Middle-sized Bear, and a little dish for the Little Baby Bear.

One morning the Middle-sized Bear made the porridge for breakfast and put it into the three porridge dishes.

"Come!" said she, "let us take a

walk in the woods while the porridge cools." So, hand in hand, the three bears went out for their walk in the woods.

Now, on the other side of the woods there was another tiny house. A little girl lived there with her father and mother. They called her Goldilocks, because her hair was the color of bright gold.

On this same morning Goldilocks went out for a walk in the woods.

She stopped here and there to pick flowers. She walked on and on, not thinking of anything but the pretty flowers she was picking.

She had picked enough to fill



her apron before she stopped and looked about her. She had never been in this part of the woods before. She turned about and started to walk back the way she had come.

She walked and walked, but she only went deeper into the woods.

"O dear!" she cried at last, "I am



lost! How shall I ever find my way home?"

Just then she saw, through the trees, the tiny house of the bears. She ran quickly toward it.

"Perhaps the people who live here will show me the way home," she thought, and she knocked at

the little door. She knocked again, but no one answered.

"O dear! There is no one at home!" she cried. "Now what shall I do?"

She tried the little door. It was not locked, so she opened it and went into the tiny house.

On the table stood the three dishes of porridge. Now Goldilocks was very hungry and tired after her long walk.

She saw the three dishes of porridge on the table.

"How good that porridge looks!" cried she. "I must take just a little taste of it. I am sure that the

people who live here will not care when they know how hungry I am."

Goldilocks tasted the porridge in the great dish, because there was more in that than in the other dishes. Oh, how hot it was! It almost burned her mouth.

She tasted the porridge in the middle-sized dish. That was so cold that she almost dropped the dish.

Then she tasted the porridge in the little dish. That was just right, and it tasted so good that before she knew it she had eaten it all!

"O dear!" she thought; "there I have eaten all that porridge! What will the people say?"

The three chairs were standing near the table. Goldilocks sat down in the great chair to wait until some one came in. Oh, how hard that great chair was!

She tried the middle-sized chair, but that was too soft.

Then she tried the little chair, and that was just right! She sat in the little chair and swung her little feet. She sat in the little chair so long that at last she sat the bottom out of it. A great hole was in the seat of the little chair!

"There! now I have broken that little chair! O dear! But perhaps mother will let me give them my



little chair," she thought, and she felt quite happy again.

Goldilocks began to look about the little house. How warm and comfortable everything looked!

In the corner by the wall stood the three beds, all made up and ready to sleep in.

Goldilocks soon spied the beds, and they looked so comfortable that she began to feel sleepy.

"O dear! I am tired!" she said, and almost before she knew it she was climbing up into the great bed.

She lay down upon it, but it was so high at the head that she rolled right down to the middle of it.

She climbed down from the great bed and went to the middle-sized bed. She tried the middle-sized bed, but that was so high at the foot that she rolled down to the head of it. Then she tried the little bed, and that was so comfortable that she fell asleep.

All this time the three bears were taking their walk in the woods.

“Do you think the porridge is cool?” asked the Great, Huge Bear.

“We can go home and see,” said the Middle-sized Bear.

They soon reached the little house. The door was wide open!

“Didn’t you shut the door after us?” asked the Great, Huge Bear.

"I thought I did," answered the Middle-sized Bear. "The wind must have blown it open again."

They went into the house and over to the table to see if the porridge was cool.

"Somebody has been eating my porridge!" cried the Great, Huge Bear in a great, huge voice.

"Somebody has been eating my porridge!" cried the Middle-sized Bear in a middle-sized voice.

"Somebody has been eating my porridge!" cried the Little Baby Bear in a little baby voice. "Somebody has eaten it all!"



“Somebody must have been here!” cried the Great, Huge Bear in a great, huge voice. “Yes! somebody has been here, for somebody has been sitting in my chair!”

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair, too!” cried the Middle-sized Bear in a middle-sized voice.

“Oh, see my little chair!” cried the Little Baby Bear in a little baby voice. “Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has sat the bottom out of it!”

Then he began to cry.

“We must find out who

has been here!" said the Great, Huge Bear in a great, huge voice. "Hello! What's this? Somebody has been lying upon my bed!"

"Somebody has been lying upon my bed, too!" said the Middle-sized Bear in a middle-sized voice.

"Somebody has been lying upon my bed, and — here she is!" cried the Little Baby Bear in a little baby voice.

The Great, Huge Bear and the Middle-sized Bear ran to the Little Baby Bear's bed.

The three bears stood about the bed looking down at Goldilocks.

All this time, Goldilocks had been so fast asleep that she had not heard any of the talking.

When the Little Baby Bear stood beside his little bed and said in his sharp little voice, "Here she is!" Goldilocks woke up with a start.

How frightened she was when she saw the three bears standing about the bed and looking down upon her with their big eyes wide open!

Before they could tell what she was going to do, she jumped up, and in a moment she was out of the other side of the bed.

She ran to the open door as fast as she could run.

Out of the door and through the woods she ran as fast as her little legs could carry her.

She was so frightened that she never stopped to look behind her. She ran on and on, and before she knew it she ran right up to her own door!



RED RIDING HOOD

A long time ago there lived a little girl. Her mother made for her a red coat and a red hood.

She wore her red coat and hood wherever she went, and everybody called her Red Riding Hood.

"Come, dear," said her mother one day, "I want you to take some butter and cheese and cake to your grandmother. Put on your red coat and hood and start now so that you will be home before dark."

Red Riding Hood put on her red coat and hood. She took the basket with the cake and butter and cheese,

kissed her mother good-by, and started off for her grandmother's house.

Red Riding Hood's grandmother lived in a tiny house on the other side of the woods.

It was quite a long walk for a little girl, and Red Riding Hood soon began to feel tired.

Some beautiful flowers grew in the woods. Red Riding Hood stopped to pick them.

"I'll pick them for grandmother," she thought. "It will rest me to pick them, and I know grandmother will like them." So she put her basket down upon the ground and began to pick the flowers.



All at once she heard a voice say,
"Good morning, little girl. Where
are you going this fine day, and
what have you in your basket?"

Red Riding Hood turned around
and saw what she thought was a
big gray dog beside her.

"I am taking some butter and cake and cheese to my grandmother," she answered.

"Where does your grandmother live?" asked the wolf, for it was a wicked gray wolf.

"Grandmother lives just on the other side of the woods," said the little girl.

"May I go with you?" asked the wolf. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll run a race. You may take this road and I'll take that, and we'll see who will get to grandmother's house first!"

"That will be great fun!" said Red Riding Hood, so away they ran.

Now the wolf had taken the shorter road, so he reached the grandmother's house first.

He knocked at the door, but no one answered. The grandmother had gone to the woods to pick berries.

He knocked again, then lifted the latch and went into the little house.

He looked all around and poked his nose here and there to find the grandmother. At last he made up his mind that she wasn't at home and sat down to think of a way to catch Red Riding Hood when she came in.

On a chair by the bed he saw the grandmother's nightcap.

"I'll put on that cap and jump into bed," he thought; "then when Red Riding Hood comes, she will think that I am her grandmother. I shall catch her then!"

The old wolf put on the nightcap, and to hide his wicked eyes, he put on the grandmother's glasses. Then he jumped into bed, and covered himself up to his chin. Only his face could be seen, peeping out from the cap.

By and by Red Riding Hood came running up to the door. She looked about for the wolf, but she did not see him.

"I am here first!" she thought as she knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" called the wolf, trying to speak like the grandmother.

"It is I, grandma!" said the little girl. "I have brought you a basket of cake and some butter and cheese."

"Lift up the latch and the door will fly open," said the wolf.

Red Riding Hood lifted the latch and the door flew open.

"Now put your basket upon the table and come and sit down beside me," said the wolf.

Red Riding Hood put the basket upon the table and then drew a chair up to the bed.

The old wolf looked at the little girl with his wicked, greedy eyes.



He would have liked to spring upon her then and there.

"Grandma," said Red Riding Hood, "you have very big eyes."

"The better to see you, my dear," answered the wolf.

"What big ears you have, too, grandma!" said the little girl.

"The better to hear you, my dear," said the old wolf.

"But, grandma, what a big nose you have!" said she.

"The better to smell with, my dear," answered the wolf.

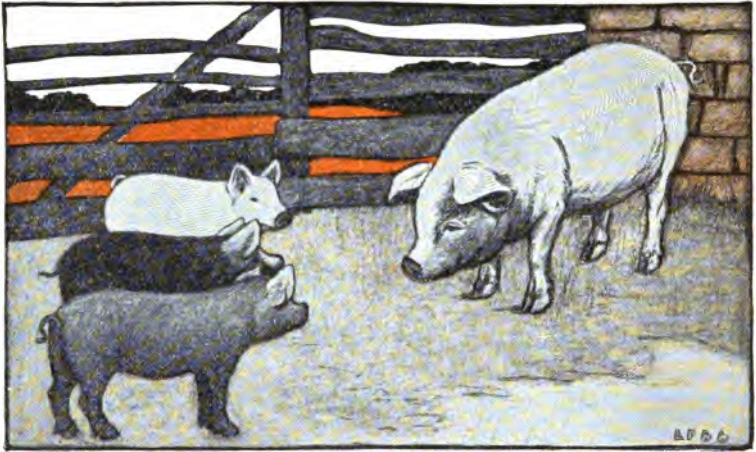
"But, O grandma!" said little Red Riding Hood, "what a big mouth you have!"

"The better to eat you with!" cried the wicked wolf, and he sprang out of the bed toward the little girl.

Red Riding Hood screamed and ran to the door. She screamed so loudly that a woodcutter near by heard her and ran to the house.

He opened the door and rushed into the house. With one blow of his sharp ax he killed the wicked wolf just as he was about to spring upon Red Riding Hood!

When the grandmother came home, how thankful she was to see the little girl alive and well and the wicked gray wolf dead!



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

I

Once upon a time an old mother pig lived in a barnyard with her three little pigs. The first little pig was called Brownny, the second was called Blacky, and the third little pig was called Whitey.

"Brownny," said Mother Pig one

day, "I am too old to take care of you any longer. You will have to go out into the world and make your own living."

"I'll go out into the world and make my own living and yours too, mother dear," said Brownny. "I'll go out and build a house where you and I can live together."

"You're a good little pig, Brownny," said his mother. "Good-by, and look out for Mr. Wolf!"

Brownny kissed his mother good-by and started off.

He had not gone very far when he met a man with a cartload of straw, coming toward him.

"Please, Mr. Man, will you give me part of that straw?" called Brownny. "I want to build a house with it so that my mother and I can live together."

"Why, certainly!" said the man, "and I'll help you build the house."

Brownny and the man went to work, and soon they had built a little straw house. There was even a little door so that Brownny could go in and out of his little home.

"Thank you!" said Brownny when the little house was built; and the man went on his way.

Then Brownny began to make the little straw house as comfortable as he could. He went out into the woods and

gathered some soft grass and leaves for the floor. In one corner of the room he put a heap of soft grass for his bed. When he had made the little house as comfortable as it could be, he was very tired.

"I'm so tired with all this work," thought he, "I'll go to sleep now, and then I'll wake up early and go over for mother the first thing in the morning."

No sooner had he lain down on the soft grass bed in the corner than he was sound asleep.

A loud noise woke him up. Some one was knocking at the little door.

"Who's there, knocking at my door?" called Brownny in a sleepy voice.

"It's only your friend, the wolf," said a voice.

"Little pig, little pig, will you let me come in?"

"No, no, no!" said Brownny, "not by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!"

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!" said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and at last he blew the little straw house down.

With a leap and a jump he ran after little Brownny. He caught the poor little pig, threw him over his shoulder, and carried him away to his den.



II

The next day Mother Pig said to Blacky: "Now, Blacky, you will have to go out into the world and make your own living as Brownny has done. I am too old to take care of you any longer."

"I'll go out into the world and make my own living and yours too, mother dear," said Blacky. "I'll go out and build a house where you and I can live together."

"You're a good little pig, Blacky," said his mother, "but Brownny said the same thing, and he hasn't come back yet. I'm afraid that Mr. Wolf has caught him. Take care that he

doesn't get you! Good-by!" and Blacky started off.

He had not gone far when he met a man with a cartload of wood.

"Good morning, Mr. Man!" said Blacky. "Do you need all of that wood in your cart? Can you spare me some? I want to build a house with it so that my mother and I can live together."

"Why, certainly!" said the man. "I'll give you all the wood you need to build your house, and I'll help you build it."

Blacky and the man went to work, and soon they had built a little wooden house. There was even a



little door so that Blacky could go in and out of his little home.

“Thank you!” said Blacky when all the work was done; and the man went on his way with the rest of his load of wood.



Blacky made the little wooden house as comfortable as he could. He went out into the woods and gathered soft grass and leaves for the floor. He put a heap of soft grass in one corner of the room for a bed.

By this time he was so tired, and the soft grass bed looked so comfortable, that he lay down upon it and went to sleep.

"I'll go over for mother the first thing in the morning," he said to himself as he fell asleep.

All at once a loud noise woke him up. Some one was rapping, rapping, rapping at the wooden door!

"Who's there, rapping at my door?" called Blacky in a sleepy voice. "Go away! I've gone to bed!"

"It's only your good friend, the wolf," said a voice.

"Little pig, little pig, will you let me come in?"

"No, no, no!" said Blacky, "not by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!"

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!" said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and at last the little wooden house came tumbling to the ground!

With a leap and a jump Mr. Wolf ran after little Blacky.

He caught the poor little pig, threw him over his shoulder, and carried him off to his den where Brownie was.

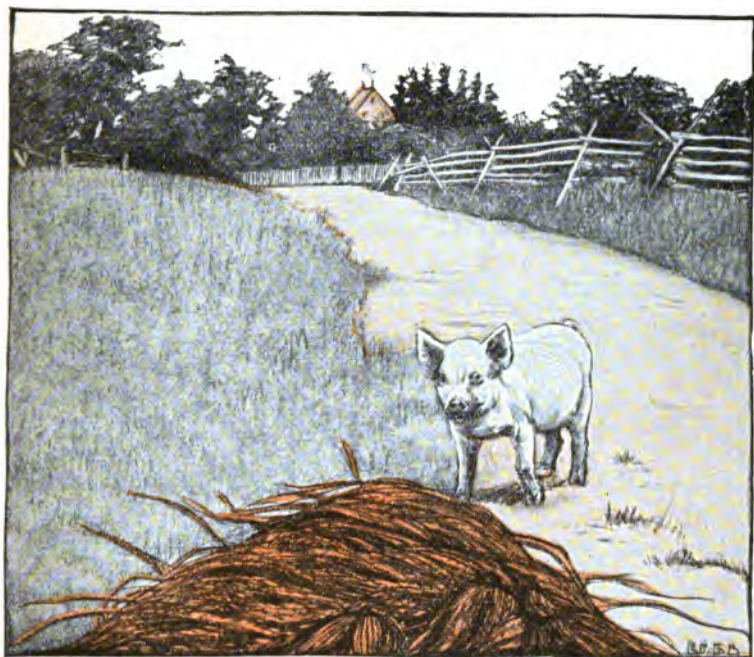
III

The next day Mother Pig called her last little pig, Whitey, to her.

"Now, Whitey," said her mother, "it is time for you to go out into the world and make your own living as your brothers have done."

"I'll make my own living in the world and yours too," said Whitey. "I'll build a house, mother dear, where you and I can live together."

"Brownny and Blacky said the same thing," said Mother Pig, "but they haven't come back yet. I'm afraid Mr. Wolf has them both. Good-by, and take care that he doesn't get you!" So Whitey started off.



She had not gone very far when she saw a heap of straw lying by the roadside. Whitey did not know it, but that was the very straw that had made Brownny such a comfortable little home.

"That straw would make a fine house for mother and me if it were only summer all the time," thought she. "It would never do for us in the winter. The snow would blow in and we never could keep warm."

She went on a little farther and she came upon the heap of wood that had once been Blacky's comfortable little home.

"Now, there is a fine heap of wood," thought Whitey. "That would make us a very fine house, only I'm afraid, when the north wind blew in through the cracks, we should freeze! No; that would never do!" So she went on a little farther.

At the turn of the road she met a man with a load of bricks.

"The very thing!" thought she. "Now if that man will only give me enough of those bricks, I can build a fine house for mother and me. I'll ask him."

Whitey went up to the man and in a soft little voice said, "Can you spare me some of those bricks? I want to build a house with them so that mother and I can live together."

"I'll give you all the bricks you need, and I'll help you build your house," answered the man.

Whitey and the man went to work and soon had the brick house built.



There was even a door and a window in the little brick house.

“Now we’ll just put a chimney up here,” said the man, “so that you can build a fire and be warm and comfortable in the winter.”

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" said Whitey, and when the chimney was built, the man went on his way with the rest of his load of bricks.

Then Whitey began to make her little home as comfortable as she could.

"Mother is too old to work about the house any longer," she thought. "I'll have everything ready for her when she comes." Then she went to the woods and gathered leaves and grass for the floor of her house.

She gathered some twigs and put them on the floor just under the chimney hole so that she could build a fire and warm the little house.

While she was out in the woods she found a rusty kettle that some one had thrown away.

She took it home, and after she had cleaned and scoured all the rust off, she found that it would do very well to cook her food in. She hung it on a wire just under the chimney hole and just above the twigs she had gathered for her fire.

By this time it was quite dark, so Whitey, all tired out with her hard day's work, lay down on the heap of fresh grass she had gathered for her bed. She was soon asleep.

All at once Whitey woke up. Some one was rapping at the little door.

"Who's there, rapping at my door?" called Whitey in a sleepy voice.

"It's only your friend, the wolf," said a voice.

"Little pig, little pig, will you let me come in?"

"No, no, no!" said Whitey, "not by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!"

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!" said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed, but with all his huffing and all his puffing he could not blow down the little brick house.

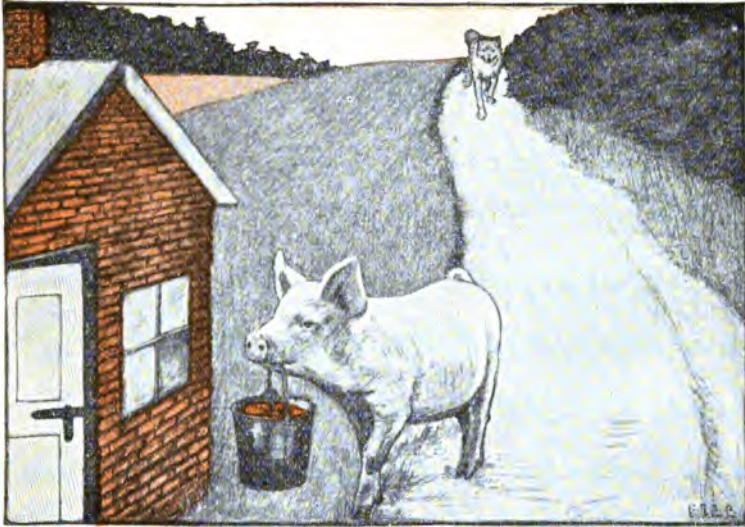
"This is something new," thought the wolf. "I must think of some other way to get this little pig."

After a while he said: "Never mind, little pig. We won't quarrel. I know where there are some turnips, just as ripe and sweet as can be."

"Where? where?" asked Whitey, for little pigs like turnips.

"Over in Farmer Brown's turnip field," answered the wolf. "If you will be ready at four o'clock to-morrow morning, I will take you to the field."

"Oh, thank you!" said Whitey. "I shall certainly go for the turnips to-morrow morning," and the wolf went away.



IV

The next morning Whitey woke up at three o'clock. She took her big kettle and started off for Farmer Brown's turnip field.

She filled the kettle full of turnips and got back to the house just as the wolf was coming over the hill.

The wolf reached the little brick house and knocked at the door.

"Little pig, are you ready?" he called.

"Ready!" said Whitey. "I went to the field an hour ago and brought home a kettle full of turnips. They will last for a long time, so I don't believe I'll go for any more this morning, thank you."

The wolf was very angry, but he didn't let the little pig know it. He saw now that this was a wise little pig and that he would have to think of a wise trick to get her.

"Well, if I am late to-day," he said, "perhaps I shall be early to-morrow.

I know where there are some fine apples. Do you want to go and get some, little pig?"

"Yes," said Whitey. "Where are they?" for little pigs like apples too.

"Over in Farmer Brown's apple orchard," answered the wolf. "If you will be ready at three o'clock to-morrow morning, I will call for you and take you to the orchard."

"I'll be ready to go to the orchard to-morrow morning," said Whitey.

"Now don't go before I come!" said the wolf as he went away.

But Whitey only laughed to herself. "I told him I would be ready to go to the orchard to-morrow morning,"

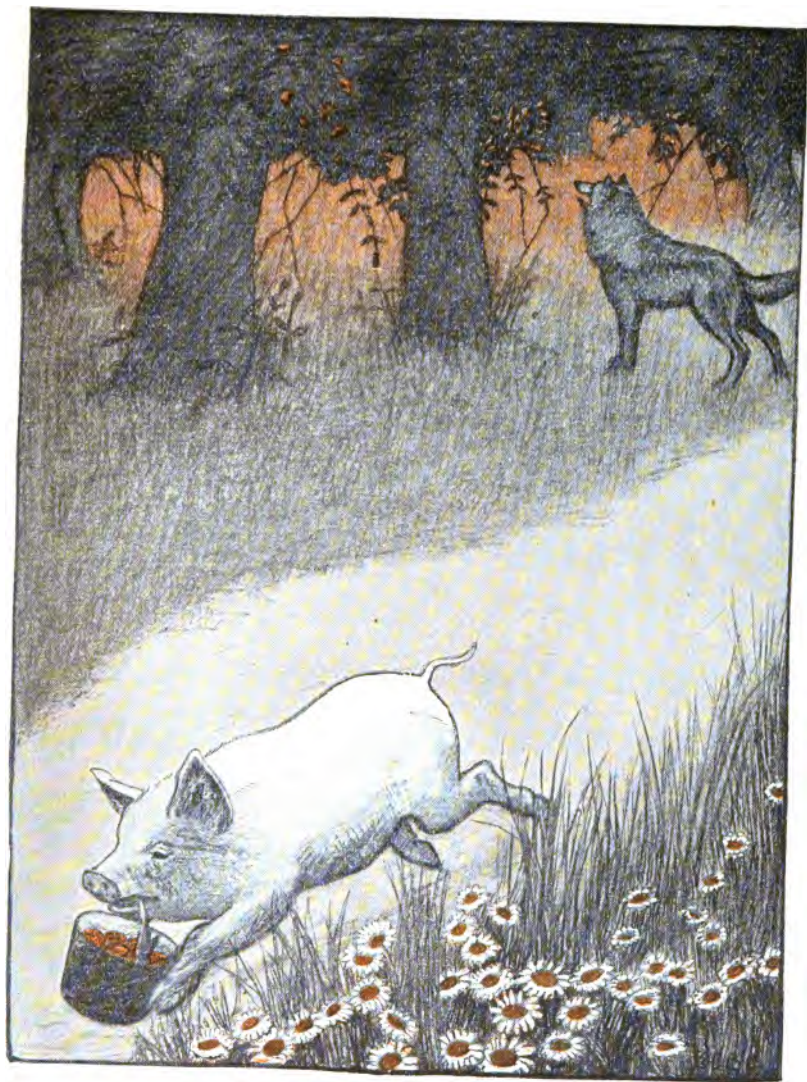
thought she, "but I did not tell him what time I would go."

The next morning Whitey woke up at two o'clock. She took her big kettle and started off for Farmer Brown's orchard.

She filled the kettle full of fine red apples, and was just climbing down from the tree when she saw the old wolf coming up the hill.

She was so frightened that she did not know what to do. She did not dare to get down from the tree now. The wolf would catch her.

Just then the old wolf saw her and called out, "How are the apples, little pig?"



"They are very fine," answered Whitey. "Shall I throw down one for you?"

She took one of the apples from her kettle and threw it to the wolf. She threw it so far that the wolf had to run way off for it.

Then Whitey jumped down from the tree. Down the hill she ran as fast as her feet could go. Just as she reached her little brick house she saw the wolf reach the apple tree.

"Little pig," said the wolf; then he stopped, for there was no little pig there! Oh, how angry he was this time, when he saw how the little pig had tricked him!

"She shall not get away from me the next time!" he thought. "I'll send her so far off that she won't be able to run to her home!"

He went down to the little brick house and knocked at the door.

"That was a very fine apple you threw to me, little pig," he said, "but why didn't you wait so that we could pick some apples together? I'm sure you did not get enough."

"Oh, yes," answered Whitey; "I have my kettle full, thank you."

"Well, then, little pig," said he, "how should you like to go to a fair to-morrow? I am going to one in the next town. Do you want to go, too?"

"To be sure I do!" said Whitey.
"What time are you going?"

"Be ready at three o'clock, and I will take you there," said the wolf; "but be sure you do not go until I come for you."

"I'll go to the fair to-morrow morning," answered Whitey, and the wolf went away.

"I am going to the fair to-morrow morning," said Whitey to herself, "but I shall not go with you, my dear wolf!"



V

At two o'clock the next morning Whitey woke up and started off for the fair in the next town.

When she reached the town, she looked about for a while to see if there was anything there that she wanted. She spied a butter churn.

"That is something I shall need

when mother comes to live with me," she thought. "I shall not go over for mother until the wolf is tired of trying to catch me. I shall buy the churn and have it ready for her when she comes."

Whitey bought the butter churn and started off for her home. As she reached the top of the hill above her house, she saw Mr. Wolf coming up the hill.

What could she do? The old wolf would surely catch her now! Then she looked at the butter churn that she was rolling home. The very thing! She jumped into the churn and began to roll down the hill.

The old wolf saw the big round thing coming down the hill toward him. He thought it was something coming after him. He was so frightened that he turned around and ran back to his den as fast as he could go!

Whitey rolled down the hill until she rolled right up to her own door. Then she jumped out of her butter churn, rolled it into the house, and locked the door.

Toward evening the wolf came back to the little house and knocked at the door.

"This is a nice time to come and take me to the fair!" called Whitey from the window.

"Little pig," said the wolf, "I started for the fair, but just as I reached the foot of the hill a great round thing came rolling down the hill toward me. It frightened me so that I turned around and ran' back home as fast as I could run!"

"Oh, dear!" laughed Whitey, "that was I! I went to the fair and bought a butter churn. When I saw you coming up the hill, I jumped into the churn and rolled down the hill toward you to scare you away."

The wolf was too angry to say a word. He stood by the door thinking and thinking. What could he do to catch this wise little pig?



"Ah! I have it!" thought he, "I'll go down the chimney!"

Now Whitey had put her big kettle over the fire. It was full of boiling water, ready to cook some turnips for her supper. The kettle hung just under the chimney hole.

The wolf began to climb upon the roof of the little brick house.

When Whitey heard the noise upon the roof, she knew just what it was.

Slowly, slowly, down the chimney came the wolf. He never stopped, but fell right into the kettle of boiling water!

Whitey looked just once, to be sure that the wolf was in the kettle



of boiling water; then she hurried away to the wolf's den.

There she found Brownny and Blacky safe and sound.

How happy they were to see Whitey once more!

"Now we will all go over and get mother," said Whitey. "The wolf is dead, and we need never be afraid of him again. We will go over for mother, and then we can all live together in my little brick house."

So all three little pigs started for the barnyard, where Mother Pig still lived.

Mother Pig was very glad to see her three little pigs safe and well.

Mother Pig, Brownny, Blacky, and Whitey went to the little brick house, and there they lived happily to the end of their days.

REVIEW WORDS

NOTE. Many of the words in the following lists have occurred in a different form either in a preceding story or in Book One. The unknown part of the word has been underlined here. For example, the word "put" occurred in Book One; the unknown part of the word, the capital letter, has been underlined, "Put," in the list of Book Two. The word "brave" occurred in Book One; the unknown element in the word "bravely," the ly, has been underlined here.

Page 9	climb	<u>w</u> here	<u>b</u> ird	<u>D</u> on't
wise	tried	mean	ones	Page 17
high	should	Page 13	Page 15	done
among	thought	<u>H</u> igh	<u>G</u> et	fall
rocks	Page 11	Bird	edge	Page 18
few	Hello	kept	bravely	brothers
blades	doing	Page 14	<u>P</u> ut	or
eating	<u>G</u> rass	<u>S</u> ometimes	hop	push
below	laughed	fly	Move	Page 19
spied	call	drink	<u>m</u> ove	Fluffy
Page 10	straw	<u>I</u> f	<u>U</u> p	wee
knew	sweet	Tweet	almost	<u>c</u> hicken
sprang	Page 12	<u>t</u> weet	Page 16	weeks
rock	thank	each	next	<u>D</u> uck

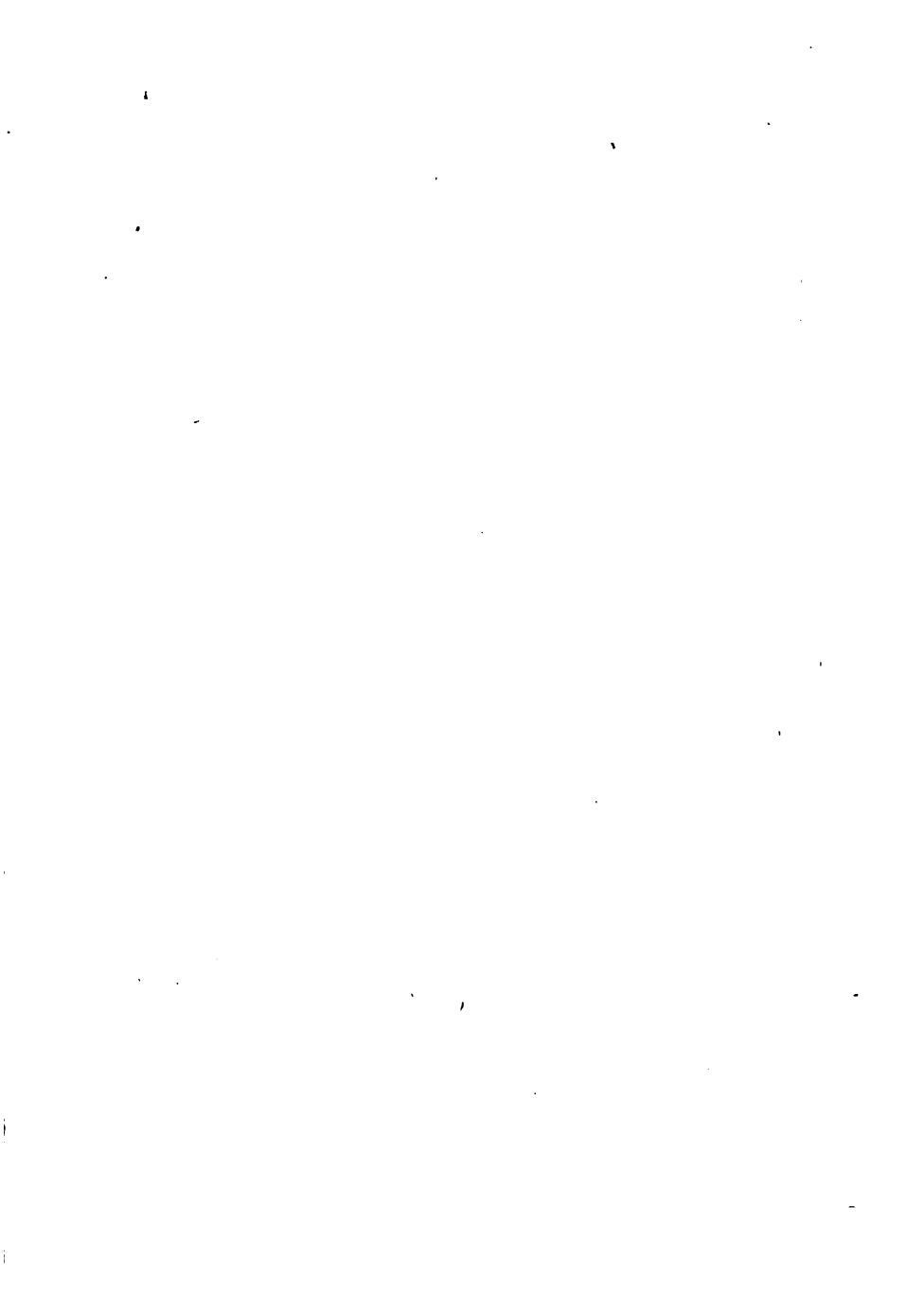
duck <u>l</u> ings	while	locked	Page 32	forget
teach <u>i</u> ng	think <u>i</u> ng	com <u>i</u> ng	beautif <u>u</u> l	paw
swim	walk <u>e</u> d	Page 28	summer	wash
stream	slow <u>y</u>	—	shin <u>i</u> ng	Page 35
fun	Page 24	Page 29	tree <u>s</u>	star <u>s</u>
splashed <u>ed</u>	—	talk	sing <u>i</u> ng	watch <u>e</u> s
div <u>e</u> d	Page 25	rid	sang	like <u>s</u>
Page 20	jump	man <u>y</u>	sparrow	shin <u>e</u>
drown	before	eat <u>e</u> n	Sum <u>u</u> mer	earth
wh <u>y</u>	start <u>e</u> d	quiet	Page 33	Wh <u>e</u> n
can't	hurt	walk <u>s</u>	From	Sun
Page 21	Pl <u>a</u> y	Page 30	crumb <u>s</u>	world
swim <u>m</u> ing	thin	jump <u>s</u>	Down	call <u>s</u>
naught <u>y</u>	Page 26	wink	Tom	Page 36
belie <u>v</u> e	Wait	catch <u>e</u> s	With	Some
Page 22	week	might	spring	Page 37
did n't	Next	It's	sharp	place
scream	master	hang	claw <u>s</u>	felt
say	shoot	bell	Page 34	themselv <u>e</u> s
even	sure	neck	gentle <u>m</u> an	hid
Pe <u>e</u> p	Page 27	Page 31	eat <u>s</u>	lonely
P <u>o</u> or	window	plan	washed	shon <u>e</u>
Page 23	knock <u>e</u> d	go <u>e</u> s	face	sleep <u>i</u> ng
flock	told	tall	To	Page 38
wait	wis <u>e</u>		That's	woke

cry	roared	twigs	branch
smiled	loudly	wheels	fireplace
because	hardly	pull	mouth
shines	hold	got	Page 50
open	nearer	drove	strike
children	better	Page 46	light
yellow	Page 42	<u>White</u>	scratched
dandelions	reached	<u>Cat</u>	pecked
Page 39	strong	heart	Page 51
lion	paws	front	owl
outside	played	<u>Outside</u>	taking
hunt	same	roll	nap
food	trick	<u>Till</u>	hunting
rabbit	Page 43	Page 47	bugs
lion's	thick	millstone	hunted
reach	footprints	sitting	tired
nor	Page 44	roadside	sleepy
piece	farmyard	seat	owl's
meat	<u>Brown</u>	Page 48	mite
Page 40	<u>Rooster</u>	climbed	grasshopper
—	Page 45	Page 49	alive
Page 41	To-morrow	<u>Each</u>	sunshine
Ah	kills	himself	Page 52
sick	fox's	comfortable	—
roar	carriage	pulled	

Page 53	daisy	Thunder	<u>Such</u>	Page 66
chirping	roots	Page 59	<u>scratching</u>	<u>Far</u>
gay	dry	we'll	<u>clucking</u>	<u>middle</u>
else	apple	<u>We'll</u>	breakfast	tiny
sing	<u>apples</u>	blow	<u>quietly</u>	bears
shut	swell	hard	<u>asleep</u>	<u>Great</u>
noisy	bush	flame	<u>Quietly</u>	<u>Huge</u>
minutes	berries	between	<u>worms</u>	Bear
Page 54	Page 56	shouted	Page 63	sized
listening	burn	<u>Naughty</u>	<u>Scratch</u>	<u>Baby</u>
song	Bess	drops	poked	<u>Their</u>
blame	rain	daisies	<u>Hen's</u>	Page 67
<u>wanting</u>	clouds	<u>buttercups</u>	<u>Between</u>	—
voice	wind	Page 60	quite	Page 68
<u>Sing</u>	blowing	comes	bed	chair
sap	send	drew	quarrel	dish
honey	Page 57	<u>everybody</u>	Page 64	porridge
<u>pleased</u>	<u>heads</u>	Page 61	—	<u>dishes</u>
landed	<u>Everything</u>	<u>Farmer</u>	Page 65	Page 69
snap	die	barnyard	<u>clucked</u>	walk
Page 55	hurry	chickens	<u>quarreling</u>	cools
thirsty	any	early	nice	hand
buttercup	Page 58	wake	<u>Give</u>	Goldilocks
have n't	blew	Page 62	<u>quarreled</u>	hair
days	noise	perch		color

stopped	Page 75	<u>Before</u>	Page 88	Page 91
pick	—	moment	taken	—
fill	Page 76	Page 83	shorter	Page 92
Page 70	<u>everything</u>	own	lifted	liked
apron	wall	Page 84	latch	<u>Grandma</u>
turned	beds	ago	nose	smell
deeper	feel	hood	was n't	Page 93
Page 71	<u>climbing</u>	wore	<u>nightcap</u>	<u>screamed</u>
Perhaps	Page 77	wherever	Page 89	woodcutter
people	cool	Riding	cap	ax
live	Did n't	<u>Hood</u>	hide	<u>thankful</u>
Page 72	Page 78	butter	glasses	dead
table	blown	<u>grandmother</u>	covered	Page 94
looks	Somebody	basket	chin	pigs
Page 73	<u>huge</u>	Page 85	<u>Only</u>	Brown
care	Page 79	kissed	peeping	second
tasted	—	<u>good-by</u>	<u>running</u>	third
hot	Page 80	<u>grandmother's</u>	Page 90	Whitey
Page 74	<u>somebody</u>	<u>Hood's</u>	Who's	<u>Pig</u>
chairs	Page 81	Page 86	trying	Page 95
swung	lying	—	speak	<u>longer</u>
bottom	Page 82	Page 87	<u>grandma</u>	living
broken	<u>talking</u>	does	brought	<u>yours</u>
perhaps	beside	<u>Grandmother</u>	Lift	build
	start	race		<u>You're</u>

cartload	Page 100	north	Page 114	fair
Page 96	has <u>n't</u>	cracks	<u>After</u>	town
certainly	yet	freeze	<u>Never</u>	Page 122
work	Page 101	Page 109	<u>won't</u>	Page 123
built	does <u>n't</u>	turn	turnips	churn
Page 97	wood	bricks	<u>Over</u>	Page 124
gathered	need	those	turnip	surely
leaves	cart	ask	o'clock	rolling
heap	spare	Page 110	<u>to-morrow</u>	Page 125
I'm	wooden	chimney	Page 115	evening
sooner	Page 102	Page 111	filled	Page 126
lain	load	—	Page 116	scare
loud	Page 103	Page 112	<u>Ready</u>	word
knocking	—	<u>While</u>	hour	Page 127
Page 98	Page 104	rusty	angry	Page 128
friend	rapping	kettle	late	boiling
chinny	I've	thrown	Page 117	supper
huff	Page 105	cleaned	orchard	roof
puff	tumbling	scoured	Page 118	<u>Slowly</u>
huffed	Page 106	rust	dare	Page 129
puffed	—	cook	Page 119	hurried
leap	Page 107	hung	—	safe
threw	—	wire	Page 120	Page 130
shoulder	Page 108	above	throw	glad
Page 99	winter	Page 113	tricked	happily
—	snow	huffing	Page 121	end
	keep	puffing	able	



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